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Choice Loetry.

BY MARIE LE BARON.

I heard the whippoorwill across the field
Call to his plaintive, wandering mate,
And, through the growing grass, the thread unrech
Of insect cries that shrill videnate
Along the soft throbs of May sir; and heard
The pulse of nature as it stirred,
Breath fragrant with the Spring time's dewy birth,
A life new dropped from heaven to earth.

The moon outlined the floating clouds, pearl-gray, Laid flower like, fringed, fold on fold,
To be rose-tinted at warm break of day—
Petals about the sun's deep heart of gold;
Just a faint sigh from fairy violet bloom
Stole through the budding, thorny hedge,
Where darting spider apun, on altining loom,
A circling web with silver edge.

Silim waters, tremelons like harp-strings, fell Adown a messy rock, fern-hid, With sense of cool depths of a forest dell: Murmuring beath matted leaves, it slid In fretted tones of music to outspring In crystal wave, with swift, free leap—As startled bird spreads broad white wing. Then flutters down in calm to sleep.

The broad, deep pend, with green flags at its rim, Eeficeted fair the moon, a shining gem. Rippled its lasy waters, curved its abore grass alim, Touching with languid wave the dusky hem Of broad-leaved growth of lily-pod. O'erhead Young trees, mere tracery against the sky, Swayed reatlessly, with feathery boughs outspread, At touch of night-wind's passing by.

The new made nest awang up and down, like boat
Upon a troubled, green-leaved sea;
Woke brooding bird, and one sweet, frightened note
Echned the whippeoversil's and minatrelsy.
Beyond, the forest, green through all the year
With pine's dense foliage, bound
Hill unto hill, in linking the far There and Here,
And climbed towards heaven, rock-crowned.

Nearer, the orchard, white with fruitage flower,
As if late Winter snows had blossomed there.
Scented the dusky night, deep drugged the hour
With sleepy sense of bee hum on the air,
And swung broad censers idly to and fro—
An oftering at the altar of fair May.
The fairest time of all earth's days we know,
When April's tears have swept Spring clouds away.

THE OLD GRIST MILL By Willow Brook, beneath the hill, Stands, quaint and gray, the old grist mill. Spring mosses on its steep roof grow, Where broad their shade the willows throw; The pend near by is clear and deep, And round its brink the alders aweep; The lily roofs spread gay and green. The lily-pois spread gay and green, The lilles white and gold between: White grinds the mill, with rumbling sound, The water-wheel turns round and round.

Among the reeds the muskrat dives,
And swift "the swallow homeward flies;"
The robin sits in cedars near,
Where willow Brook runs swift and clear;
The children by the school-house play,
Where slumberons shadows softly stray,
And warm and low the Summer breeze
Is whispering thro the willow trees;
While grinds the uill, with rumbling sound,
The water wheel turns round and round.

The crows now wing their southern way. The squirrels in the nut-trees play; With merry shouts the school-boys run. The mountains blush 'neath Autumn's sun; Their grain they bring adown the hill. The farmers, to the old grist mill; And faint from far o'er hill and dale. Falls on the ear the thresher's fall; While grinds the mill, with rumbling sound. The water-wheel turns round and round.

Long years have come, and passed away;
The mill with age is gannt and gray;
The roof gaps wide to rain and sun;
With colvebs thick the wais are hung;
The pond is overgrown with weeds;
The marsh-wren builds among the reeds;
The might-winds through the willows mean;
The school-house gone, the children grown;
The farmers sleep where wild flowers grow,
Who brought their grain, so long ago,
When ground the mill, with rumbling sound.
And the water-wheel turned round and round.

Select Story.

A BLOODY VENGEANCE.

forrible Reprisals for a Sister's Ruin—The Sadden Beath of a Bride—The Secrets of an Old Manor House, Brought to Light.

About five miles from the town of Doncaster, in England, are the ruins of a manor house, known as Ardwick Hall. A large part of the edifice remains, and all the concealed passages, stairways and closets for which it was famous, are almost intact. Its walls are massive, some of them being from five to seven feet in thickness. Its style is what is known as the Elizabethan, and was formerly surrounded by extensive gardens, some of which are there to this day. For generatious this sput was the favorite seat of a distinguished family, known as the Leighs of Ardwick. For hundreds of years, the property had descended from father to son, in an unbroken line, and the daughters of the house had married into some of the best families of Yorkshire and Nottinghamshire. In 1797, however, the direct line became extinct, under circumstances of a most tragic nature. In 1795, John Leigh was the possessor of the manor. He was at that time sixty years of age, and had had three children by a second wife, who was a Lumley. His eldest son, William, was in his twentieth year, and his daughters Mary and Alice were sged respectively sixtson and eighteen. On the borders of Sherwood and Nottinghamshire, about eight miles distaut, resided a wealthy farmer, named Tuxoe. He had two sons and two daughters. His youngest daughter, Jane, was seventeen, and remarkable for her beauty.

On the night of August 15, in the year last

The eyes of all were turned toward the park, and three persons were distinctly seen dodging from one tree to another, and advancing toward the hall.

"What can this mean ?" the elder Leigh said.

"Whatever it may signify, let us be on our guard."

"What can this mean I" the elder Leigh said.
"Whatever it may signify, let us be on our guard."

"I think, father, we had better go in and close the windows," the elder daughter said.

"William," Mr. Leigh said, "summon the men with their fire-arms, and let us be prepared for the worst."

All this time, the son had not spoken a word, but had stood gazing intently toward the mysterious figures. At his father's summons, however, he turned towards the house, and in ten minutes, six armed men were standing in the shadow of the hall door, swaiting the approach of the tresspassers, whoever they might be. In a little time, there was a noise of of cracking of branches, and the watchers judged that the intraders were forcing their way through the black-thorn hedge that separated the garden from the park. The bushes in the garden were thickly planted and in full foliage, so that the approach of any one from the park towards the hall was thoroughly masked. After having waited for half an hour with no further signs of the intruders, a search of the garden was resolved on, and while the elder Leigh and the butler remained to guard the approach to the dwelling, young Leigh and three servants made a thorough examination of the garden, without result. They returned to the hall, which was then closed and properly barricaded, previous to the family's retiring to bed.

In the dead of the night, awful shrieks reverberated through the dwelling. The father and son, who had occupied adjoining apartments since the latter's illness, started from their sleep, hastily donned a garment or two, selzed each a pistol and sword, and rushed forth to the corridors. Here they were almost immediately joined by the servants, who had also been aroused by the terrific shrieks. The big bell on the tower was rung, to arouse the villagers, and then the two Leighs hastened to the rooms occupied by the girls. The doors were fastened, and no response came to the ammonn for admission. The most dreadful fears took possession of the father and brother, and a

session of the father and brother, and after some difficulty, the ponderous door was forced open.

Mary and Alice occupied a suite of three rooms, in the west angle of the hall, with one door of communication with the corridor. On entering the first room, which was a parior or bendoir, everything was in its accustomed order. But on entering the adjoining room, which was the sleeping apartment of the younger daughter, Alice, a dreadful acene was presented. The bed-clothes were gathered in a heap on the floor, and half covered with them lay the beautiful Alice, with her night-dress torn into shreds, and covered with blood. One eye protruded from its socket, and the throat and face were torn and bruised. The bosom was dreadfully lacerated, and there were evidences that an atrocious outrage had been perpetrated. In the inner room, occupied by Mary, the elder daughter, the bed was found unoccupied, and a search disclosed the affrighted and half crazy girl, concealed behind the scream, which in summer covered the opening of the large fire-place. She could give no explanation of the scene, beyond the fact that she was aroused from her alcep by the shrieks of her sister. She arose, and on reaching the door of communication, saw Alice struggling in the grasp of two men. Suddenly Mary was seized from behind, and flung into her own room. She fell against the fire-screen, and in a moment, conceived the idea of concealing himself behind it in the huge lived of concealing himself behind it in the huge fire-place. Half dead with fright, and shuddering, as the acreams of her sister echoed through the rooms, she lay there until she became unconscions. Who the men were, or by what means they gained access to the apartments, and quitted them, she knew not. Alice lived for twelve hours after her discovery, but remained unconscions to the last. The dreadful ahock to the system of the elder Leigh produced apoplexy, and he died within the next week.

mained unconscious to the last. The dreadful shock to the system of the elder Leigh produced apoplexy, and he died within the next week. The whole neighborhood was stirred with indignation, at the horrible outrage and tragedy. How the perpetrators—evidently the three men who had been seen te cross the park—had gained access to the hall, and to the apartments of the girls, was a mystery. There was but one door, as already said, leading into the suite of rooms from the corridors, and the windows were inaccessible from below. Moreover, there was no sign whatever of the windows having been disturbed, as they were strongly bolted; only a small casement, not large enough to admit a bird, was open. Escape could not have been made by the chimneys, for the soot was undisturbed. Young Leigh and his sister, quitted Ardwick Hall for a time, and went to reside with a relative at Brierly Grange, near Pomfret. After an absence of a year, during which, Mary Leigh had died, William returned to Ardwick Hall, accompanied by a young and lovely wife. Three weeks after har arrival, she was seized with alarming symptoms, and died before medical sid could be procured. Young Leigh was inconsolable, and secluted himself in the hall for some weeks. After a time, he began to go about again, and took long rides into the country, always returning, however, before dark. On Soptember 13, 1797, he retired to his room early, and by ten o'clock, the hall was closed. After reading for some time, he extinguished all the candles but one, and lay down on the bed. He had not lain long, when he heard a footfall in the orridor close by his door. He arose and listened. Some one was evidently trying to open the door. The murder of his sister and the attack upon himself at once rose to his mind, and he hastily put on his clothes.

at once rose to his mind, and he hastily put on his clothes.

samplifies, about sight miles distant, resided a content of the co

OLD PARD: I am here in the Senate,
With twenty Confederates more:
Both Generals and Colonels are in it—
The House shelters nearly three score.
We've got 'em! We've got 'em! The Yanks!
Again will we send to the sky
That music that rese from our ranks—
The battle-yell—Yillililii!

which he proposed to place on the stone to mark the spot where Major Andre was hanged, had been correctly published. "Certainly," he said. "The inscription is ready, and here it is;" and Mr. Field showed the following:

Mr. Field showed the following:

Here died, Oct. 2, 1780,

Major JOHN ANDRE, of the British Army,
who, entering the American lines,
on a secret mission to Benediet Arnold,
for the surrender of West Point,
was taken prisoner and condemned as a spy.
His death,
though according to the stern code of war,
moved even his enemies to pity,
and both armies mourned the fate
of one so young and so brave.
In 1821 his remains were removed to Westminster
Abbey.
A hundred years after his execution,
a citizen of the States against which he fought,
placed this stone above the spot where he lay;
not to perpetuate the record of strife,
but in token of those better sentiments
which have since united two nations,
one in race, in language, and in religion;
with the earnest hope that this friendly union
will never be broken.

[On the back.]

[On the back.] Sunt lacryma rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt — Virgil, Œacid, I., 402 [On the left side.]

[On the right side.] He was more unfortunate than criminal:
An accomplished man and a gallant officer.
—George Washington
He died universally esteemed an universally regretted.
—Alexander Hamilton

He died universally esteemed an universally regretted.

"Now, let me recall to you the way it all came about," Mr. Field continued. "When Dean Stanley was stopping at my house, we took a ride, with a view to find the spot where Major Andre was exeented. It took us about three hours to find the place. At last we came across a man 91 years old, who said he knew the place, because he remembered when the remains were taken up and removed to Westminster Abbey. He said also that his mother saw the execution. Both the Dean and myself were certain that we had found the spot, and we both agreed that the location of such an interesting historical event onght not to be left to oblivion. So I said I would buy the land, if he would write the inscription. Now, there is his inscription, and if any one chooses to quarrel with him about it, I have no objection. There is a quotation from Virgil also, and one from Fenimore Cooper, and one from George Washington. If any one chooses to quarrel with George Washington, I don't care. There is what he said about the spy, and there is what Alexander Hamilton, if they like. I've bought the hand, and I've got the deed in my pocket, and I'm going to have a stone placed there with that inscription. I bought the whole farm of six acres. That is more than I wanted, but I had to buy it to get the other; and I thought that the historical interest made it well worth it."

"Will there be a monument placed there I"
"Oh, no; only a granite slab after some design which I am to select. It will be raised a little from the ground, to keep off the water and debris. There is a man who owns a granite quarry up near there, and I told him to get me out a design for the slab. He gave me one, but I did not like it. As soon as I can decide upon that, the stone will be inscribed and placed in position."

"You were not deterred by the many communications on the subject, in the newspapers?"

tion."

"You were not deterred by the many communications on the subject, in the newspapers?"

"No; we had some fun over it, and no harm was done. It is only a historical matter, you see. That's the whole of it—ouly a historical matter. Why, my friend, if they will show me the spot where Satan was executed, I would put a stone there to mark it, because that would be a historical thing.—N. Y. Sus.

THE Springfield Bepublic draws a pathetic par-allel between the expalsion of the French from Acadia, in the last century, and the present ex-oins of the colored people from their Southern

POCAHONTAS is to have a monument at Grayes-end. It is about time; she died in 1616.

and brothers vowed vengeance on her seducer. Taxoo, in his younger days, was employed at the hell, and had become acquainted with some of the secret passages of the old baronial dwelling. The attack on William Leigh on the highest of the selected of the desired of the secret passage, which was subsequently appetented. It was designed to rain both of the siles of young Leigh, but the ravishers to a suite of rooms occupied by the girls, and to the hall by a secret passage, which has another visit of their vengeance. Entering the hall by a secret passage, which was suited for which and the carriage and go with him. In riding down the was tried their escape by the same means. The young bride of William Leigh was another visit of their vengeance. Entering the hall by a since the was the complete of which and the was going to see expression of their vengeance. Entering the hall by the was undertaken by the vow sons of Taxos, with him with the latter only drank.

The less attempt to dispatch young Leigh was undertaken by the two sons of Taxos, with him; that the latter only drank.

The last attempt to dispatch young Leigh was undertaken by the two sons of Taxos, with him; that fish comfinication was of so strictly a confidential nature, as not to permit a third year of the design was not poison both husband and wife, but the latter only drank.

The last attempt to dispatch young Leigh was undertaken by the two sons of Taxos, with him; that the second of the family, bearing another name, and repositing in their success the brothers died. Taxos field, and described to the proper dry. He was tried for the crimes which his two was undertaken by the two sons of Taxos, with him was the proper dry. He was tried for the crimes which his two was the proper dry that the proper dry. He was tried for the crimes which his two was the proper dry. He was tried for the crimes which his tried to be the proper dry. He was tried for the crimes which his two was the proper dry. He was tried for the crimes which his two was the proper dry

OLD PARD: I am here in the Senate,
With twenty Confederates more:
Buth Generals and Colonels are in it—
The House shelters nearly three score.
We've got 'em! We've got 'em! The Yanks!
Again will we send to the sky
That music that rose from our ranks—
The battle-yell—Villililil!

Don't hurry. There's danger a showing
One's hand at the atart of the game;
Twould excite the minority—knowing
The total Confederate claim.
We've got 'em! We've got 'em! Above
The party's low, grovelling cry,
Arises the music we love—
The battle yell—Villililil!!

Our triumph has closed the dissension;
As States are all sovereign to-day,
Why not give each soldier a pension!
All soldiers—the blue and the gray!
Sol thear from Confederate bonds!
The battle-yell—Villililil!

If States, as they say, are a nation,
Why shouldn't they, when they're in funds.
Pays no for the cost of invasion!
So keep your Confederate bonds!
We've got 'em! We've got 'em! The Vanks!
Again will we send to the sky
That music that rose from our ranks—
The battle-yell—Villililil!!

We've got 'em! We've got 'em! The votes
Are ours in both Houses. Then why
Sol thear from Confederate bonds!
We've got 'em! We've got 'em! The Vanks!
Again will we send to the sky
That music that rose from our ranks—
The battle-yell—Villililil!!

We've got 'em! We've got 'em! The votes
Are ours in both Houses. Then why
Sol thear from Confederate bonds!
We've got 'em! The votes
Are ours in both Houses. They walk your defence of invasion!
So keep your Confederate bonds!
We've got 'em! We've got 'em! The Vanks!
Again will we send to the sky
That music that rose from our ranks—
The battle-yell—Villililil!!

THE ANDRE MEMORIAL.

What Cyrne W. Field Says About His Purchehave and Insertiption.

Cyrns W. Field smiled good naturedly last ovening, when asked whether the inscription which he proposed to place on the stone to mark the friends to answer to make the the Legislature of Koutucky in extra session, and I, being Speaker of the Legislature, of Koutucky in extra session, and I, being Speaker of t

A Little Justice, Humanity, and Common Sense.

The planters along the lower Mississippi appear to have adopted a plan for stopping the negro exodus that is characteristic if not effective. They hang or shoot a few intended emigrants as a warning to others, and patrol the river banks with shot-guns to prevent the fleeing blacks from getting on board passing steamboats. These bull-duzing measures only serve to intensify the negroes' desire to escape, and they manage to evade the patrols and board the boats at unexpected points. Cammittees appointed by the planters notify the captains not to take away the colored people, but the captains are eager to swell the profits of their trips, and few of them pay any attention to such orders when out of the range of the Committees' shot guns. Thus far all attempts to check the movement have only increased it. Suppose the planters should now dishand their patrols and committees, put away their weapons, and try a now policy. A little justice, humanity and common sense would, we venture to say, prove a perfect remedy for the evil.—New Fork Tribsac.

No Third Party in 1830.—The lonesome and

No Third Party in 1830.—The lonesome and woe-begone assistant Democratic editors are compelled to admit that at first glance it looks as if the tide had set in against the Democratic party. They have been waiting for the people to rebuke the Republican leaders and organs for their bitter partisanship in calling attention to the Confederate majority in Congress, and for their narrow minded efforts in trying to head off that majority's magnanimons attempts to wipe out the odious Republican legislation of the past fifteen years, but the people have clearly smough declined to "rebuke." In fact, they have turned the rebuke around and fitted it upon the other side. Stalwart Republicanism is the order of the day now, and nambypambyism will be forced to take a back seat till the present "scrimmage" is over with.—New York Tribane.

MADAME BONAPARTE'S LAST WORDS.—Madame Bonaparte is reported to have died in the Presbyterian faith, in which she was born. On Tuesday she naked that some one would pray for her; a clergyman who was summoned made a prayer which seemed to impress her greatly. Some hours after she repeated his words relative to the Atanement, and added softly, "That's in the Bible." These were her last coherent words. She is said to have brought up her child in the Catholic faith from gratitude to the Pope, who refused to annul her marriage. She was far from an irreligious woman, and is known to have prayed devoutly every night and morning.

TILDEN says that Gen. Dick Taylor was the best friend he ever had.

GOING AFTER THE COWS.

They waited there by the pasture bars— Bapple and Dolly and Dun— So I slip the bars in the well-worn posts, And drop them one by one; But I do not go, as I always go, To see the milking done.

I lean my cheek on the pasture bars.
And watch the stars come out;
Perhaps they will miss me up at the house,
And wonder what I am about;
But I've something to think of here, to night,
While I watch the stars come out.

Last night, when I came for the beauties, Willie was walking with me. And he asked me if I thought ever A farmer's wife I could be: For I am a city girl, you know, And a farmer's son is he.

Willie woars home-spun trowsers,
Aud such a coarse straw hat!
But the face that looks from under the rim,
Le handsome and brave, for all that;
And his eyes, they look at me so queer.
That my heart good pits-pat.

Every night, when work is done, We sit in the twilight gray— Willie and I, in the ivied porch, And sing the hours away; I think it better than opera, Or theatre, any day.

He said, last night, that the Summer Is brighter breamse I am here; That his work was never so casy As it is when I am near— As it is when I am near— Such words are too sacred and dear.

How pure is the breath of the clover. That comes from the meadows mown How holy the sky above me. With the tetubling lights full sown! No wonder that Willie is better Than men who live in town.

So I thick I will stay in the country, With Iselly and Isapple and Dun; Perhaps, in the far aweet Summers, They would know, should I fail to come. In the dewy eva, to the pasture hars, To drop them one by one.

JEFFERSON'S SON. An Old Muintto and His Strange Story.

As old Mulatto and His Strange Story.

A few days age, a reporter of the Journal ascertained that a colored man in the employ of Dr. W. C. Thompson, was possessed of a history at once strange and interesting, and, with a view of ascertaining the facts connected with this person, sought the doctor ont. "Yes," said he in response to the reporter's question, "I have in my employ an aged colored man, whom I have no doubt is the son of Mr. Thomas Jefferson, third President of the United States. He has frequently told me of his reasons for believing himself such, and I make no doubt whatever of the truth of his statements. I have known him for a number of years, and believe the word of Robert Jefferson as readily as I would the oath of any man. He lives at 165 Minerva street, and will be pleased to see you. Give him a call, and hear what he has to say."

Shortly after the hour of noon, yesterday, the reporter found himself on the corner of North and Minerva streets, and turning to his left, sonthward, looked for the number to which he had been directed. The second house south of North street proved to be the one for which he songht. Large evergreen trees cast their shadows on the front of the house, a two-story frame, simple in architecture and neat in appearance. He knocked at the door, and after a moment's pause the summons was answered by a colored man, rather below the medium height, apparently sixty years of age, a dark mulatio in color, and with hair straight and black.

"Does Mr. Jefferson reside here:"

"He does."

"And is this he!"

"It is. Won't you come in!" and the reporter entered.

"It is. Won't you come in ?" and the reporte intered.

consideration, to throw me paper and managed for the South. I don't feel at liberty to mention their names. I informed them that I would not jo it; and moreover that it was useless to try to influence Mr. Prentice by such a cost sideration, as he cared nothing or mention had taker to trom home, I found four of the North, and I had taken more decided ground in favor of the South; hence we had but little intercourse during the war.

"After the close of the war, Mr. Prentice was taken sick on a visit to his son Clarence, who lived on the Ohio, about ten miles below Louisville, where he died, about two miles below Louisville, where he died, about two miles below my residence. I frequently visited him during his sickness. In every one of these interviews these subjects were canvassed by as. In the last unterview, bootty before his death, he spoke to me about the charge made against him that the North, not the South, had brited him to take ultra ground in favor of the war. He appeared to be seen sittly on the milyet count he North. He lust the happer had lost its subscription in the South entirely and in a limited extent in many of the Western States, and that the firm was upon the point of bankruptey; that he had visited the North, for the purpose of raising funds to sastain his paper; that large contributions were made to him, not to bribe him to take the course which he sustained during the course which he paper had lost its subscription in the South entirely and in a limited extent in many of the Western States, and that the firm was upon the point of bankruptey; that he had visited the North, for the purpose of raising funds to sastain his paper; that large contributions were made to him, not to bribe him to take the course which he sustained during the course which he paper had laken, and to apasting state the paper had laken, and to apasting state the paper had laken, and to apasting the course which the paper had laken, and to apasting state the paper had laken, and to apasting the course which the paper had

Pamperium Hereditary.

The expose of hereditary pauperium, made in the Heraid of last week, has set people to thinking. The history published is far from complete, but it shows the facility with which pestilence spreads. Unlovely as many of these are in their habits, humanity forbids that they should either freeze or starve. We cannot stop to draw fine distinctions between the "worthy" or "unworthy" poor, in the presence of actual want. But the question is, shall these miserables be permitted to go on in the natural way, breeding their kind like rabbits, and bringing into the world creatures so morally and physically ill-shapen that they must either prey upon society or become a charge upon charity? Would it not be mercy, philauthropy, and Christianity to feed and clothe the children of chronic paupers, but to make them incapable of perpetuating their species? The leopard cannot change his spots. Why should 'we breed that kind of pigs, when it costs no more to raise thoroughbreds?—Indianapolis Setardey Herald.

A REBEL YELL.—As Mr. Wm. J. Clark, of

A REBEL YELL.—As Mr. Wm. J. Clark, of Southington, was riding from his hotel to the Capitol yesterday, his only fellow passengers were two long haired, lantern jawed, tobacco squitting Southerners, of the class of whom there are scores and hundreds now here pressing for places under the House and Senate organizations. Said one to the other, "Is the House in session yet?" "Yes," replied the other; "Don't you see the Yankee flag flying up there?" "Oh, yea, d—n the thing; but we'll soon have the stare and bars in place of it, just see if we don't." This quite shocked our loyal friend from Connecticut, but if he remains a few days, his ears will become quite familiar with this nort of bluster and gasconade.—Washington Letter to the Norealk (Ct.) Gazette.

The only substantial relies of the Jowa in England before their expansion by Edward I. are a stone synagogue at Rary, and a bronze bowl made for synagogue service, and now preserved in the Bodleian Library as Oxford. A REBEL YELL.-As Mr. Wm. J. Clark, of

PLANETS THAT DEAL DEATH. The Origin and Recurrence of Epid Controlled by Planetary and Magnetic dislons—An Ontbreak Probable in 188

It is to the intense projudice educated people have against astrology—confounding the astrology of the antients and of the scientific men of the Middle Agres with the nonsense of the gipsies—that we are indebted for our ignorance of the origin of epidemics. As Hecker remarks: "Of the astral influence which was considered to have originated the 'great mortality' physicians and learned men were as completely convinced as of the fact of its reality." The fatal error they made, however, was in supposing that the influence was due to the conjunction of the planets, instead of to the position of the planets in their orbits. Omitting the nonsense of fortune telling, the reasons why people of the present day do not believe in planetary influence are two-fold: First, it is held to betoken ignorance and a restition—points on which educated people for very sensitive; and, secondly, they can not imagine how such tiny objects can affect their great globe, unconsciously forgetting that our earth among the planets is as a marble among cannon-balls. From a lengthy study of great terrestrial phenomena and the movements of the large planets, I can come to no other conclusion than that they are intimately connected; and I shall, in as for words as possible, lay before your readers my reasons for anch a conclusion.

About eight years ago I spent many months accumulating information on cholera throughout the world, from 1816 to 1871. I tabulated my results, throw them into the form of a curve, and was surprised to find that there had occurred a great outbreak about every seventeen years, and that these outbreaks took place alternately at maxima and minima of sun-spots. Certainly the sun-spots could not have produced the cholera, for there was a great outbreak when the spots were very plentiful, and the next when they were both in the nature of effects. I suggested, in a paper on the subject which I could not explain; but I felt anticont confidence in my results to state (see Nature, May, 1872) that, as there had been great outbreak

on more than ten years old, were forced to placed the curve operation by Jupiter's orbit during the same period, and found that when the control of the cont

The following is a copy of a letter received by a railroad officer in Boston, demanding damages for the killing of a cow on the track of a railroad in the West:

"DRAR SIR: I am informed that some time about Christmas one of your trains ran over and so erippled a black spotted beifer of mine that she had to be killed. Mr. — says he akinned her, and can give date—or near it—of the accident. This helfer was not a 'Durham,' or any other thoroughbred stock, but she was the last of the young stock from a cow my wife's mother gave her fourteen years ago, and we hoped to perpetuate the stock through her. Now my wife says she wants \$13 for that helfer as legitimate damages; if you pay constructive or any other damages on the love and affection part, why it will foot up more. Let me hear from you—if I have got to prove up and all that—if not, send us what you usually pay. Of course we hated especially to lose this helfer, but I have always received ench fair dealings from you that I will not grumble at whatever you may do in the premises. We have only two more cows in the bettom to kill; if you wish to commute for those and run over them at your leisure, make us a proposition."

BAYARD TAYLOR died of kidney complaint.

HIRAM SKIMMERHORN REVIEWS THE SITUATION.

BY CORPORAL BUMP.

Well, yes, I was a Dimocrat,
And so was dad and mam:
But now the thing's so kinder mixed,
I can't say that I am.
I'm not a turn-coat, nuther, Jim,
But, just 'lwixt you an' me,
What use it is to go it blind.
I'm durned of I can see.

Now, jest look back some twenty years;
That party taught us, then,
And made us ignorant cusses think,
That niggers were not men,
And that they hadn't any souls!
They talked so 'arnest, too,
That I'd of took my Rible oath
That what they said was true.

A man had better not of said, In them old haleyon days, That shavery wound jest the thing, Or Dimocrate would raise In holy wrath, a virtunus mob, of men like you and I.

You mind the time when no one dare Say slavery wasn't right. Onless he had his weepons on. An'grit enough to fight. A fact! you can't dony it. Jim; It kinder hurts, I know. To hev these things raked up agin, But durn it ain't it so!

From sixty-one to sixty-five,
Who caused the bloody strife?
Who trampied down the good old flag.
And sought the nation's life?
The very Dimocrats whe now,
In Congress, make our laws!
An' when we come to think of this,
I think it's time to pause.

They want to pension Davis now,
Old Jeff, the traiter, who
Would had his neck stretched, long ago,
Ef Justice had her due,
Now, I don't keer to train along
With no such robel crew;
I'll never vote that way again,
Dod blast me ef I do!

CHALMERS.

What He Is-Some Official Testimony.

Gen. Chalmers, of Mississippi, in the House, lately made an insolent speech, defending secession with the he that the South sought only to get out peacefully, but war was begun on the South by the North, when the truth of history is that the rebels seized by armed force fort after fort, and arsenal after arsenal, ship-yards, vessels, and other property belonging to the United States, and finally besieged and fired upon Fort Somter, before the United States fired a single gun in defense of the Union. When Mr. Conger, of Michigan, asked Mr. Chalmers a civil and pertinent question, Chalmers replied like a blackguard, and was very properly and sharply retorted upon by Mr. Conger.

Who is this Gen. Chalmers? He is one of the notorious and bloody-handed butchers of the forever infamous Fort Pillow massacre. The facts as to this massacre were investigated by a joint committee of Congress; and the following is an extract from the report of Senator Ben. Wade and Representative Gooch. After describing the attack on the fort, and its capture by treachery, under cover of a flag of truce, the report says:

Then followed a scene of cruelty and murder without a parallel in civilized warfare, which needed but the tomahawk and scalping knife to exceed the worst atrocities ever committed by savages. The rebels committed an indiscriminate slaughter, sparing neither age nor sex, white or black, soldiers or civilians. The officers and men seemed to vie with each other in the devilish work; women, and even children, wherever found, were deliberately shot down, beaten, and backed with sabres; some of the children, not more than ten years old, were forced to stand up and face their murderers while being shot; the sick and wounded were butchered without mercy, the rebels even entering the hospital building and dragging them out to be shot, or killing them as they lay there, unable to op-

Napeleon, Jereme and Madame Beamparte.

The death of Mme. Benaparte is made the occasion of an interesting editorial in the Baltimore American, and, although the Tribune has already devoted much space to the subject, one point seems worthy of further notice. "It was an indication of her temperament," says the American writer, "that while she scorned Jorome for his cowardly abandonment of her, she had ever the highest appreciation of the daring and ambition of Napulson. She accepted an annuity from him, and when Jerome caused his disapprobation to be conveyed to her, she retorted that she preferred shelter under the wing of an eagle rather than under the wing of a goose." If this retort were real, and not, as we have reason to believe, an invention, it was little creditable to the good sense of Mme. Bonaparte. If Jerome was a goose, his choice of Miss Patterson, which was the one thing that made her famona, was a poor compliment, and if Napoleon was an eagle, the desertion by which she suffered was an act of heroism. But the baseness of Napoleon in all his domestic relations is one quality of his character that stands out, conspicuously, above controversy.—

Chicago Tribuse.

SERATOR JONES, of Nevada, says he can see no purpose in the Democratic party except to resist the civilization of the period.

ELINU BURRITT was a tireless worker, even